## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1889.

## THE SPANISH MAIN

Beverly Crump Writes About the Site of the Fabled Eldorado

AMONG THE WINDWARD ISLANDS.

A Lake of Pitch Which Supplies the World With Asphaltum.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ELDORADO MYTH

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. PORT OF



DAD, March 30 .-Trinidad is the

separated by the erosion of the water from the Orinoco river, whose delta reaches for a distance of 600 miles. The island was christened by Columbus, who reached its abores in 1498, after being buffeted by winds and waves and detained by calms for several ted by citizens of the United States, and it is understood that Venezuels is willing to months, and being reduced to the utmost months, and being reduced to the utmost extremity. There was only one small cask of fresh water on the ship, and the sailors had been on half rations for some time. The heat of the "doldrums," as a belt of windless area along the equator is called, where the vessel had been lying becalmed, had opened the scams and it was leaking so sadly that two-thirds of the men were kept continually at the pumps. It was the morning of Trinity Sunday when the land was first seen, and the pious old discoverer knelt upon the sand and consecrated it with prayer to the Trinity, to whom he attributed his salvation. Here Columbus and his shipmates found much needed rest, and were able to repair their craft, using the natural

pitch of the island to calk the seams, TRINIDAD'S HARBOR. As Trinidad is approached the clear, bright blue of the water of the sea is obscured by the sediment from the Orinoco and it becomes the color of chocolate. Pass-



ag through a narrow channel, called the so miles long by 40 miles wide, completely land-locked, and shallow enough for a ship to anchor anywhere. On one side are the low plains of Trinidad, covered with glistening cane, while on the other rise the monstrons mountains of Cumana, rugged, mysterious and impeneirable, clothed from top to bottom with immense trees and crowned with wreaths of vapor. Here is the end of the great chain of the Andes, the minal column of the Southern continent spinal column of the Southern continent, which, when they reach the south end of the Ishmus of Darien, turn to the castward and follow the line of coast so closely that

The island of Trinidad has a population very nearly the same as that of Martinique, although it has an area many times as great. The principal city, called Port of Spain, with about 25,000 inhabitants, has a spain, with about 25,000 innaotants, has a poor harbor, or rather, no harbor at all, for ships have to anchor fully a mile from the shore, and the freight that reaches and leaves the port has to be transported to and from the ships in lighters. It is a nasty place, full of vultures, which sit like evil apirits upon the housetops and feed upon the refuse that is cast into the streets, but it is said that they are the most valuable and industrious of all the inhabitants, and without them, lacking any system of severage, the city would suffer from a perpetual plague. The ground as well as the air is plague. The ground as well as the air is full of loathsome creatures, vermin of all kinds, tarantulas, scorpions, centipedea, deadly serpents, lizards, vampires and chigoes, or "Jiggers," as they are called, little worms that harbor in the cracks of the little worms that harber in the cracks of the tile floors and bore into the feet of whomever walks about barefooted, producing painful and often dangerous ulcers. Like most of the cities in South America, Port of Spain has straight, level streets, badly paved, with lines of low houses without architectural pretensions, evil smells, swarms of dogs, chickens, goats and naked children. One is struck at once with the number of people who seem to have nothing number of people who seem to have nothing to do, and is not surprised when told that there are at least 5,000 beings in the city without visible means of support. They are too lary to work, but all seem to be eating something, generally fruit, which is as cheap and plenty as dirt, and when they are

The most interesting place in Trinidad is the famous pitch lake from which comes the world's supply of asphaltum. It covers 99 acres, and contains millions of tons of pitch, which never grows less in amount, for that taken out during the taken out during the day is renewed by nature every night. In the neighborhood of this Stygian pool the air is heavy with the most sickening odors, and the surrounding country is covered with its overflow, so that fumes that asise from the pitch roasting in the sun, nor the asphaltum in the soil, seem the sun, nor the asphaltum in the soil, seem to injure vegetation, for flowers and fruits actually grow in the midst of them, and pineapples are there brought to the greatest perfection. The lake is a floating mass of apphaltum, seamed by narrow channels of clear water, with a few straggling islands covered with thin, low shrubs. At the center, the fountain of all the foulness, the pitch is at bolling heat, and covered with rellevents. ter, the fountain of all the founess, the pitch is at bolling heat, and covered with yellow and white sulphurous foam, upon which are floating innumerable bubbles filled with loathsome gas. The old proverb that one may not touch pitch without being defiled does not hold good here, for this substance will not stick to the hands, and you can take up a chunk and mold it like clay without soiling your fingers. The supply for shipment is chopped from the surface, where it has been hardened and dried by the evaporation of the moisture, but like the ice on

Walter Raleigh wrote the first account of it in 1595, when he landed there on his voyage in search of the Eldorade and the land of the Amazons. Humboldt gave a good deal of study to the phenomenon, and declared that the pitch lake is "a constantly aggregating mass formed from the cosmical gaseous fluid," which seems to settle it.

A few miles away is a mud veleane on the gaseous fluid," which seems to settle it.

A few miles away is a mud volcano on the Mountain of San Fernando, called "Salse"—a circular pile of mud some two or three acres in extent, bottomless and hot, and evidently occupying some old crater. The mud is heaped up in piles like monstrous ant hills, at the top of which are holes through which the moist stuff oozea, and sometimes flames are said to appear. The contents of this basin are really impure asphaltum, for the odor is about the same as that about the the odor is about the same as that about the Pitch Lake and the component parts are similar, but the greater quantity of earth in the mixture makes it worthless for economi-

SPAIN. TRINI- cal purposes. AN AMERICAN PROTECTORATE. Citizens of the United States have under-

Trinidad is the large as t of the Windward Islands — as large as all the rest of them together—and is really a fragment of the continent of the trade of Colombia will someday seek this channel. It is not generally known that the Amazon and the Orinoco rise at the same source, and that were the bars, snags and the orinoco rise at the same source, and that were the bars, snags and other impediments removed, a light draught boat could enter the mouth of one and sall out of the mouth of the other. Various schemes have been proposed for dredging the channel, and it will some day be done, thus opening the greatestline of fresh water it is understood that Venezuela is willing to revolutions. It is not encouraging to farm-ers to have their crops seized by the army; and if the United States will extend protec-torate over the territory it is thought that immigrants will go in. A very large area of the Orinoco country has been conceded to colonization companies whose headquarters are in New York, but so far they have done nothing in the way of settling lands. One company has an entire State, of an area equal to Ohio, in which there are now very few settlers and a small number of semicivilized Indians, raising cattle on the llamos

civilized Indians, raising cattle on the liamos or ranges.

The country has never been thoroughly explored, and nobody knows exactly what can be found or raised there; but the most astonishing stories have been told of it ever since the days of discovery. The Government of Venezuela has recently sent an exploring steamer up the various branches of the river, but it was not able to go far because of the snags and other impediments in the channel.

THE FABLED ELDORADO.

There lies the Eldorado of which the world dreamed for 200 years; that is the country on which more ambition rested than any man has known. It was discovered by the Adelantado Gonzales de Casada, a treacherous knight who was sent out by Pizarro on an exploring expedition after the conquest of Peru. He went with Pizarro's brother, but with a handful of men desorted him, stole his food and took canoes down the river; while young Pizarro narrowly escaped death from starvation. To escape the consequences of his desertion, when he returned to Spain in a vessel of his own construction, Casada told the most fabulous stories of the land he had seen, and for this reason was welcomed as a hero instead of being hung as a knave. One Au-There lies the Eldorado of which the

Pizarro overthrew.

"All the vessels in this house and kitchen," wrote the merciless liar, "are of gold and silver studded with diamonds and precious stones. In this house are statues of solid gold as large as giants, and other figures in proportion, of the beasts, birds, fishes, trees and herbs of his kingdom; yea, and robes and budgets and chests and



roughs of solid gold. There is a garden of troughs of solid gold. There is a garden of plessure in the island where they are wont to recreate themselves, in which are also figures of gold and silver of an invention and magnificence the like of which was never seen. And the king of this country, yea, and all his court wear apparel of the most famous texture, so that it doth appear like garments sprinkled with gold and silver dust from his sandals to be seen. ver dust, from his sandals to his crown."

The story this man told was read and believed in all the courts of Europe, and the golden lie cost millions of lives of the bravest men of two centuries, who followed the phantom into the green gulfs of the Orinoco and the Amazon never to emerge again. They thought Pizarro and Cortes would be beggars compared with him who found the Eldorado, and they staked their lives and their wealth on the chance. It was no myth to those who had seen the treasures Cortes brought from Mexico and Pizarro from Peru; and the absence of exaggerations in the descriptions of what were found in these countries justified a belief in many a romance that was told. The man Casada brought lumps of virgin gold picked up in Guiana to prove his words, and even the fable of the Amazons was not considered extravagant by explorers who had seen Indian women fighting by their husbands' sides.

The free Norse rovers, with their golden curls, of all the seaward folk were the first to cross the bosom of the Atlantic, and there are legends in the North country that Eric the Red and his men saw America before Columbus did. But they made no note of their explorations, and it was left for the latter to make the official announcement of the birth of a new world, and his successors to carry into it a carnival of blood as cruel as that of Caligula. Columbus picked the lock of the Western treasure house and all Spain rushed there to plunder. Then when Spain was secure in her authority ever the heathen, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, John Hawkins, and other old zen dogs robbed the Spaniards of their ill-gotten booty, and conquered them whenever the two nations met.

Beverly Crump. The story this man told was read and be-

There is a certain young man in Americus

DIPHTHERIA.

Its Prevalence at Present Mostly Due Direct Personal Contagion.

Within the last few months the medical profession in Boston have been giving carnest and extended consideration to this modern disease, which has so rapidly come to be one of New England's three great sourges—the other two being consumption and pneumonia. We present, in brief, some of the more important facts elicited by the discussion.

First-Contrary to previous belief, there seems to be no special relation between its prevalence and bad drainage or other unsanitary conditions. The best districts in Boston have suffered as much as the worst; in some cases even more so. It is the same elesewhere, as careful investigations

Second-Its prevalence must at present be regarded as due to direct personal conta-gion. It is greatest in the school months, with a marked falling off in July and Au-

with a marked falling off in July and August. Patients are often allowed to go about freely during convalescence, while not yet fully free from the disease.

Dr. Folsom says: "It is not uncommon for me to see patients in the out-department, who come with diphtheria, sitting side by side with patients affected with other diseases, thus exposing many persons to the danger of infection during the time they remain in the waiting-room of the hospital."

Some of these persons have ridden to the ospital in crowded cars.
But mild cases are the chief source of the trouble. Dr. Prince says: "It is my constant experience to meet with ease after case of undoubted diphtheria, where there are patches of membrane in the throat, and yet the symptoms are so mild that the child is allowed to mingle with the rest of the family and go about the streets. I think there is no question that such cases are the most prolific source of the contagion." Further, among the cases that often fail

to be recognized are those of nasal diphthe-ria. The membrane is out of sight, and for a time, at least, the disease is easily mis-taken for a cold. It should be remembered that this, and all the lighter forms of sending me off into almost convulsive merthat this, and all the lighter forms of diphtheria, may give rise to the most mal-

fifth—Diphtheria is a most debilitating disease. One of its chief dangers is death by heart-failure, and that, too, when the patient seems to be in a state of convalespatient seems to be in a state

instead of being hung as a knave. One Au-tonio Galvano wrote a book describing a fashion that will hold its powers of pleas-

use of coined or far-fetched words and prod-igality in adjectives. But style? Yes, there is such a thing as style, good and bad; and the style should be the writer's own and characteristic of him as his speech is. But the moment I admire a style for its own sake, a style that attracts my attention constantly that I say, How good that is! I begin to be suspicious. If it is too good, too pronouncedly good, I fear I shall not like it so well on second reading. If it comes to stand between me and the thought.

world with a hash, lacks the element of endurance.

We do not need much experience to tell us the difference between a lamp and a Roman candle. Even in our day we have seen many reputations flare up, illuminate the sky and then go out in utter darkness. When we take a proper historical perspective we see that it is the universal, the simple that lasts.

An Incident Which Thirty Years Ago Would Have Looked Like Burlesque. The following little incident is worth noting as arising out of a great change in national custom, says the London Globe, Scene-A railway carriage, occupied by an enormous man smoking a cigar, with which he makes the atmosphere resemble the Strand in a November fog, and a thin, nervous person, with a bag of sandwiches. Says the latter, "I beg your pardon, sir, but will it incommode you if I venture to eat?" will it incommode you if I venture to eat?"
The former, with a gracious wave of the cloud-giving weed, "Not at all!"
Twenty or 30 years ago this would have looked like burlesque. Then the smoker had only a bare toleration afforded him. He was not allowed to indulge his isvorite propensity eyen on the platform of a railway station, but was warned off by placards, which may still be seen at some stations. The accommodation provided for him was poor and scanty, and wee betide him if he ventured to take any liberties in prohibited places. Now he has things all his own way. To his supreme will and pleasure the misguided persons who do not smoke must conform, and wherever friends meet arrangements are made for his convenience, while even those strong-minded ladies who assert their rights to attend public dinners and other functions heroically endure rather than protest against the once detested fumes. This is nice for the smoker, who would go to few dinners if deprived of what Prince Bismarck has called the delicious seventh course.

A PECULIAR SUICIDE.

Another of those strange cases of suicide

There is a certain young man in Americus who can give the average lever points on the business. The supply for shipment is chopped from the surface, where it has been hardened and dried by the evaporation of the moisture, but like the ice on the pends of the frozen zones, the quantity cut away during the day is always replaced during the night, for some action of mature keeps foreing the masty substance out of the carth.

The pitch lake is a mystery which scientists have discussed for many years. Sir

Religion in Cuba a Mere Matter of Worldly Necessity and

WORSHIP A PLEASANT PASTIME.

Utilized by Pleasure Seekers. TOUCHING PICTURE OF A PENITENT



try to turn himself inside out. I can watch the end minstrel man crack his head with his tambourine and cut up the wildest capers. I can follow the side-splitting antics of Har-lequin and Pantaloon night after night without even changing countenance or feeling the slightest desire to indulge in the feeblest ha! ba! All this I take it upon myself to say I can do, and yet when chance

a laughing fiend of evil import seemed to diphtheria, may give rise to the most malignant.

Third—A case of malignant diphtheria is, not seldom, mistaken for one of membranous croup, commonly regarded as noucontagious. It is, therefore, neither reported nor duly guarded against.

Fourth—It is necessary that diphtheria should be taken charge of as a contagious disease by the Board of Health, with full powers and all adequate provisions, and, further, that measures should be taken for the better understanding of the disease by the people.

Fifth—Diphtheria is a most debilitating disease. One of its chief dangers is death by heart-failure, and that, too, when the

took me into some Cuban churches recently



days, and more to be feared than the na-tion's ruler himself. And why not? If His Majesty holds the reigns which govern this world, does not "the church," on her part, hold the key which opens the gates of the world to come?

But the moment I admire a style for its own sake, a style that attracts my attention constantly that I say. How good that is! I begin to be suspicious. If it is too good, too pronouncedly good, I fear I shall not like it so well on second reading. If it comes to stand between me and the thought, I grow more and more suspicious. Is the book a window, through which I am to see life? Then I cannot have the glass too clear. Is it to affect me like a strain of music? Then I am still more disturbed by any affectations. Is it to produce the effect of a picture? Then I know I want the simplest harmony of color. And I have learned that the most effective word-painting, as it is called, is the simplest. This is true if it is a question only of present enjoyment. But we may be sure that any piece of literature which attracts only by a trick of style, however it may blaze up for a day and startle the the world with a flash, lacks the element of endurance.

We do not need much experience to tell.

A RED-HOT SHEOL.

To be King or Governor General may be a very fine thing as far as it goes, but wee to King or Governor General may be a very fine thing as far as it goes, but wee to King or Governor General may be a very fine thing as far as it goes, but wee to King or Governor General may be a very fine thing as far as it goes, but wee to King or Governor General may be a very fine thing as far as it goes, but wee to King or Governor General may be a very fine thing as far as it goes, but wee to King or potentate, however mighty, who fails to accord the all powerful supermacy to the church, He cannot marry without the church, He cannot marry without her sanction, cannot prove his legitimacy, dare not—del! To do so means enternal dammation, and unending torture, in cavernous regions not noted for allubrity of climate. The hades of the church of Cuba is a strictly business bake-oven country, with a crematory at every street crossing. I know this from the horrable powerful supermacy to the church of Cuba is a strictly business bak A RED-HOT SHEOL.

ship of the island.

My own opinion is that the lurid heat of the "hades" was originally suggested by the lurid heat of the climate. But this is entre-nous and not at all authentic. I inquired of the priest who escorted me through



ghtly pictures were retained by the brotherhood. He assured me that severe inguly pictures were retained by the brotherhood. He assured me that severe measures were necessary "to keep in check the evil impulses of the tropical temperament, and that they were hung with a view of warning the wicked and vividity portraying to them the peril their sins incurred." As far as I myself was concerned the carticatures exercised the direct opposite effect. They were so ridienlously conceived and bunglingly painted that they set me first smiling and afterward laughing most immoderately. The "Sphinx" itself would have roared at some of the subjects. But the priest didn't see the joke at all. Undoubtedly he lacked humor! He gave me an "all-heretics-are-doomed" look when I took leave of him and searcely returned my bow. Almost yery picture in the different churches represents a hell in which, smidst tongues of flame, writhe and wriggle quantities of people. And such people! "A motley throng" Shakespeare would say. Young, old, black, white, yellow, little, big, int, lean, lame, blind, all kinds and colors.

In one of the smaller Cuban churches I was enabled to witness a celebration of some kind. It began by the crowding in of a throng of people. When I say people I mean women, children and negroes. White men, they tell me, rarely attend divine service, except on the eve of their wedding. The church exacts this duty of them, otherwise she cannot perform the marriage coremony. As no chairs or pews are provided everybody kneels on the hard marble floor. Some of the ladies I noticed were sitended by servants, who carried slools, but the majority knell and, when kneeling became trisome, sit. A lot of women sprawling over a floor and scramb-NOT MUCH PIETY.

ling awknrdly to their feet at the points of the service which required a change of postare, and then tumbling helter-skelter down again, may not look very fuuny when written, but I don't believe any one could witness the spectacle and suppress a smile. The performance which followed was equally indicrous. Scarcely had the service drawn to a close when a long line of worshipers began creeping from the statue of St. Luke to that of St. John, and from St. John to St. Joseph and St. Peter, and so on through the whole category of saints and martyrs. "I am ashamed of my religion since I came to this country," said a Catholic gentleman of New York to me quite unexpectedly one day. "I am ashamed of it for you," I replied, which was the truth.

THE OF A PENITENT

ashamed of it for you," I replied, which
was the truth.

The Cuban shepherd is a medium-sized,
short, stout, thick-set, red-faced man, who
wears a wide-brimmed hat, rolled up on the
sides like a soroll, and a seedy, black robe,
bound round the waist by a girdle. With
an assurance that his situation is permanent, he midulges in the utmost case. No
fasts or vigils for him. On the contrary, he
provides himself with plenty to eat and
drink, and arranges things that he shall
have as little as possible to do. He lives in
a tumble-down lodge near his church, but
his church does not concern him very much.
What does concern him at this juncture is
the pleasure which awaits him once he is
free to join his companions.

THE SEVENTH DAY A HOLIDAY. I can sit through a

THE SEVENTH DAY A HOLIDAY. burlesque or farce, which has been placarded "uproarously funny," and never so much as incline toward a laugh. I can see the circus clown try to turn himself inside out. I can watch



The Cathedral of Havana.

riage or car and sourcely a person passes through the street. The whole population are hard at work pounding and hammering with all their might. It doesn't signify what kind of utensils are used for the purpose. Just so you hammer, and hammer loud, you are doing the proper thing. This is supposed to be the expression of your grief. It is certainly a noisy expression, and that's the most that can be said for it. Toward evening, or shortly after nightfall.

and that's the most that can be said for it. Toward evening, or shortly after nightfall, comes a procession, which in the United States would secure each and every participant a night in the lockup if not six months at Claremont. It can only be expressed in one word, and that is secrilege!

Preceding the cortege is a boy carrying a box which contains big stones. These he rattles as vigorously as his muscles will permit. Pilate follows with a cock feather in his hat and a sword dangling at his side. He is impersonated by the biggest, blackest, ugliest negro that can be found. Judas comes next, with a fiendish sneer on his painted face and a box containing the 30 pieces of silver rattling from the top of a red and yellow painted barber pole. This personage is remarkable for his walk, the stride being somewhat after the style of Lawrence Barrett's, when he strutts down to the footlights prior to demolishing his army of 50-cents-anght-supers.

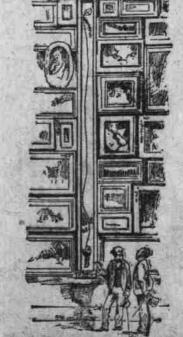
faithful mingling with throngs of the rabble, and armies of beggars and thieves close
the pageaut.

A person may live in Cubs pretty much
as he likes, but he must die as the church
decrees, or not die at all, unless he chooses
to die like a heathen, which he never does.
A corpse is only kept a few hours. Many
are put into the tomb still warm. The
hearse which bears the dead to their last
resting place is enough to cause the occupant to rise up and decry it. It is a
hideous, rickety, wornout old catafalque,
which lumbers joltingly along and
creaks and groans like some monstrous
animal to whom movement of any kind was
obnoxions. Paid mourners attend the
funeral—it is their business to weep, but
they don't. They smoke instead, and this
seems to give as much satisfaction. If they
like they can earn a couple of dollars extra
by returning to the church and saying some
prayers for the departed soul. This is an
excellent way of turning an honest penny
and many mourners avail themselves of it.

A TOUCHING PICTUBE.

Some of the large churches of Havana are vary beautiful. I saw a splendidly iminopsing sight in one of them—s picture of real religious exaltation which lingers in my memory even yet. It was late in the afternoon and the blue haze which precedes nightfall, had crept through the painted dome of one of the smaller chapels and fallen upon the life-sized carved wood figure of the Cheist nailed to a rough cross which stoed upon an altar and reached almost to the ceiling. Upon the head was pressed the crown of thorns and through the poor bleeding hands the cruel spikes. Seen through the hazy blue gray mist the figure had the appearance of being in a cloud. On the marble floor, where a yellow ray of sunlight still lingered, kneft a huge, stalwart negro, black, as a piece of ebony, and naked but for the piece of linen which girded his massive loins. His muscular arms hung listlessly to his sides, his wooly head was upturned in rapt adoration of the suffering Savior, whose bruised body stood out dark and awful against the cloudy mist. The startling reality of the cross; the life-like appearance of the form, had fascinated, appalled, half terrorized the ignorant negro, whose great searching eyes started from their sockets, and whose thick lips quivered and trembled as though he were really kneeling on that skull-shaped hill called Calvary, watching the sufferings of the Martyr who died that we might live!

LILLIAN SPENCER.



## METAMORPHOSIS:

Being an Account of a Strange Experiment in Psychology, Recently Conducted by a Physician.

> Written for THE DISPATCH by SIDNEY LUSKA (Henry Harland.)

CHAPTER IV.

Next morning, at about 11 o'clock, my good sister Josephine came to me and said, She is awake now, and wishes to see

she join me here?" "She is eager to have you operate. She asked me where you would do so. I told I supposed there in her bed. Then she said she would not waste time by getting up, and wished me to tell you that she is waiting to have it done."

"Very well. I will go to her directly. If she is in a favorable condition of mind and body, perhaps it would be as well not delay. But first, tell me. You have seld some conversation with her?"

"And what impression do you form of

I laughed. "What has that to do

"I hefer her character as much from he face as from her speech and actions."
"Oh, I see. And your inference is?" "That naturally she is a young woman of ood and generous instincts, but of an imulsive and passionate temperament."

'Yes. Well?" "From what she says, and her manner of saying it, I imagine that her impulses or her passions have betrayed her into the commission of some-perhaps crime." Well? Go on."

"And I think that now, when it is too late for retrieval, her better nature has asserted itself-has reasserted itself-and she serted itself—has reasserted itself—and she is consumed by remorse and horror."

"My good Josephine, you are the shrewdest, the wisest, the most penetrating of women. Your diagnosis coincides in all particulars with mine. She has, as you say, committed some bad action, but she is not intrinsically bad herself. She would not suffer so in realizing her guilt, were there not powerful elements of good within her."

"At any rate, brother, whatever she may be, whatever she may have done, there is something about her that arouses sympathy and attracts liking. Little as I have seen of her, I shready feel myself drawn toward her; and my heart sches for her."

"That is because yours is the tenderest heart in the world. Well, we shall have plenty of leisure in which to cultivate her recognitance after it is over Side will re-

acquaintance, after it is over. She will re-main here with us not less than a year.

At this mark of tenderness the woman's lips parted and quivered. Then her eyes filled. All at once she buried her face in the pillow and wept passionately, while her frame was shaken by strong, convulsive

This was too much for me. I quietly stole out of the room, leaving Josephine to comfort her if she could; and descending to my study I procured my instruments and the requisite amesthetics.

I watched her carufully as she recovered from the effects of the ether. An unusually small quantity of that drug had sufficed to deprive her of her senses; and now her recovery was extraordinarily rapid.

Having taken her respiration, her temperature, and her pulse, and having found each to be nearly normal, I looked her straight in the face, and demanded, making every syllable clear and emphatic, "Louise Massarte, do you know me?"

Had I addressed my inquiry to a year-old infant, the result would have been the same. She gave no token of having comprehended.

I repeated the same question in French:

I repeated the same question in French: "Louise Massarte, me reconnaissez yous?" with precisely the same negative result.

On that day certain imperative business demanded my presence down town. I had been summoned, in short, to appear as a witness in a litigation that was pending in the Court of Common Pleas—a summons which I felt myself the more disposed to

which I felt myself the more disposed to obey, inasmuch as a penalty of \$250 attached to collempt of it. Therefore, despite the unprecedented brutality of the weather, and the earnest remonstrances of Josephine and Miriam, I was foolbardy enough to vasture out.

The clock on our parlor mautel-picoumarked a few minutes before 10 when I left the house; my immediate destination being the Fifty-third Screet station of the Third Avenue Elevated Railway, distant from my door not further than a quarter of a mile, and in ordinary circumstances an easy five

door not further than a quarter of a mile, and in ordinary circumstances an easy five minutes' walk.

However, it must be remembered I was at that time within thresor four months of completing my seventieth year; and such a storm was raging and such a gale blowing as might have strained the mettle of a youngster one-third my age; a veritable tempest, indeed, the like of which Manhattan Island had never in the memory of man seen before. I don't mind owning, therefore, that I was pretty badly exhausted when I arrived at my journey's end, and therefore, that I was pretty badly exhausted when I arrived at my journey's end, and that I had consumed a good half hour in getting there. My path, as it were, had led through one continuous and unbroken drift knee deep at its shallowest, waist high at its average, and frequently engulfing me up to my ohin. Through this I had dug and plowed my way, with the wind cold and furious in my teeth and under a running fire of snow flakes, frozen so hard and driven with such force that they stung my face like bird shot and nearly put out my eyes. I can assure the reader it was no child's play. My nose and ears, from burning as if in a bath of scalding water, had become numb and rigid like features of wood. The moists



AN INCIDENT OF THE BLIZZARD.

I then wrote that question both in French and English on a slip of paper, and held it before her eyes. No sign of intelli-

red and yellow painted barber pole. This personage is remarkable for his walk, the stride being somewhat after the style of Lawrence Barrett's, when he struts down to the footlights prior to demolishing his army of 50-cents-a-night-supers.

A man who bears the cross and nails, pall bearers who carry the bier containing the covered figure to represent Chairs a structure of the style of the sty

we found her sitting up in bed, waiting for us. By deplifts his escented to neveral for the story long pitch and the second to the state of the stat

"Any other language?"

"No other."

"How old are you, if you will forgive my asking?"

"Are your parents living?"

"Both my mother and father are long since dead."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"It only proves," said I, "the truth of the of 17."

"It only proves," said I, "the truth of the of 17."

"It was an only child."

"Are your parents living?"

"It was an only child."

"Are you married or single?"

"It have never been married."

"And now, funlly, is there any fact or circumstance which you would like to mention and have recorded? for, you must bear in mind, you will shortly have forgotten everything connected with your past, and if there is anything you will wish to remember, you had better tell it to me now, and I will make a memorandum of it."

To my surprise she blushed crimson. With eyes fixed upon the counterpane, cheeks afame, voice tremulous and faint: "There is nothing, nothing, that I shall wish to remember," she replied; "nothing but what I shall be glad to forget," After a little panse, she added, "I will tell you my whole history, sir, if you require it. It will be land for me; but it is, your right to know it, if it is your wish."

My sister rose, offering by a gesture to leave the room.

"I—I think it would be easier for me to tell it, if you would stay, Mise Benary," the poor young creature faltered.

"My cheek and he can be bed, "I will tell you must not think of telling it," I put in. "It would excite you, and pain you, and fatigus you; and any bow it is better than neither my slater nor I, nor indeed any living person, should hear it. You yourself shall have forgotten it in a little while.

My should anybody else remember it?"

Ble sighed with evident relief, and mermured "Thank you. You are very good."

My dister Josephine sat down as her beds aide and took and held her hand.

ure from my breath had congested in my beard until that appendage felt like an iron mask. My legs were stiff and heavy; my shoulders sched. My respiration had become painful and laborious; my heart action so faint as to induce sickness similar to that which are sufferent test.

which one suffers at sea.

And finally, to cap the climax, when I reached the station, I found a chain stretched across the entrance to the staticase, and a placard announcing that no trains were remains. So that I had across the laborated annual season of the staticase.

itesimally slight.
"Well, I am lost," thought J, "here not 500 yards from my own doorstep, lost as hopelessly as if wrecked in midocean. Well, they say death by freezing is comparatively painless. It will soon be over. But." But—"
Suddenly, with the desperate unreasonableness of a man in extremities—like him, who drowning, clutches at a chip,—I repeated my feeble signal of distress: "Help! Help!"

I waited half a minute, and repeated it for a third time: "Help!"
Conceive my emotions to hear instantly, and from immediately behind me, the response, in the lustlest of barytones: "Hello there!"

"Heaven be praised!" I gasped. Then,
"Can you help me out of this drift?"
"I shouldn't wonder," came the reply.
"I'll try, anyhow." And therewith I felt myself seized by two strong arms, lifted from off my feet, and a moment later set down upon a spot of the pavement which the wind had swept nearly

perhaps 30 years old, with ruddy, good-humored face, an honest pair of blue eyes, and a curling yellow beard. He were a sealskin cap which came down over his ears, sealskin gloves which reached up above his coat sleeves nearly to the elbows, a pes jacket and rubber boots. His beard, his cycbrows and so much of his hair as was exposed, were thick with Iregen snow;